

# THE COUNTER- SCUFFLE.



LONDON,

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# THE COUNTER SCVFFLE.

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**L** Et that Maiestike pen that writes  
Of braue K. *Arthur* and his Knights,  
And of their noble feates and fights:  
And those who tell of Mice and Frogges,  
And of the skirmishes of Hogges,  
And of fierce *Beares*, and Maltine Dogges,  
Be silent:

And now let each one listen well,  
While I the famous battell tell,  
In *Woodstreet Counter* that befell  
In high Lent.

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

In which great *scuffle* onely twaine,  
Without much hurt or being slaine,  
Immortall honour did obtaine

By merit.

One was a Captaine in degree,  
A strong and lusty man was hee,  
T' other a *Trades man* bold and free

Of spirit.

*Description  
of Ellis.*

And though he was no man of force,  
He had a stomake like a Horse,  
And in his rage had no remorse

Or pitie.

Full nimble could he cuffe and clout,  
And was accounted, without doubt,  
One of the prettiest Sparkes about

The Citie.

And at his weapon any way,  
He would performe a single fray,  
Euen from the long Pike to the Tay-

lors Bodkin.

He



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

He reekt not for his flesh a iot,  
He fear'd no *Englishman* nor *Scot*,  
For *Man*, or *Monster*, car'd hee not  
A *Dodkin*.

For fighting was his Recreation,  
And like a man in Desperation,  
For *Law*, *Edict* or *Proclamation*  
He car'd not.

And in his Anger (cause being giuen)  
To lift his fist 'gainst good Sir *Steuens*,  
Or any *Iustice* vnder Heauen,  
He fear'd not.

He durst his enemy withstand,  
Or at *Tergoes* or *Callis* sand,  
And brauely there with sword in hand  
Would greet him.

And *Noble Ellis* was his name,  
Who 'mongst his foes, to purchase fame,  
Not cared though the *Diuell* came  
To meet him.

And

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

And this braue Goldsmith was the man,  
Who first this worthy brawle began,  
Which after ended in a Can  
Of milde Beere.

But had you seene him when he fought,  
How eagerly for bloud he fought,  
Ther's no mā but would him haue thought  
A wild Beare.

Imagine now you see a score  
Of madcap Gentlemen or more,  
Boyes that did vse to royst and ror  
And swagger.

Among the which were three or foure,  
That rul'd themselues by wiledomes lore,  
Whose very Grandfires scarcely wore  
A Dagger.

A Priest, a Lawyer, men well read,  
In wiping Spooones, and chipping bread,  
And falling to, short grace being laid,  
full roundly.

Whose



## The Counter-suffle.

Whose hungry mawes no Sallets need  
Good appetites therein to breed,  
Their stomakes without sawce could feed  
profoundly.

'Twas ill that men of sober dyet,  
Who lou'd to fill their guts in quiet,  
Were plac'd with *Ruffins*, that to ryot  
were giuen:

And (O great griefe!) euen from their food,  
(Their stomakes too, being strong, & good)  
And that sweet place whereon it stood,  
be driuen.

But here'tis fitting I repeat,  
What food our dainty Prisoners eat :  
But if in placing of the meat  
and Dishes,

From curious order I doe swerue,  
'Tis, that themſelues did none obſerue,  
For which no fleſh ſhould them preferue,  
nor Fiſhes.

B

**But**

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

But some (perhaps) will say that Lent,  
Affoords them not what here is meant,  
So much, so good, and that they went  
without it.

'Tis like: but if I adde a Dish,  
Or twaine, or three, of Flesh or Fish,  
They either had, or did it wish,  
ne're doubt it.

Then wipe your mouthes, while I declare,  
The goodnesse of their Lenten fare,  
Which is in Prisons very rare,  
I tell ye.

*The Supper.* *Furmity* sweet as any Nut,  
As good as euer swell'd a Gut,  
And Butter sweet as e're was put  
in belly.

Eggs by the doozen, new and good,  
Which in white Salt vprightly stood,  
And meates which heat and stir the bloud  
to action.

As



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

As butter'd *Crabs* and *Lobsters* Red,  
Which send the married payre to bed,  
And in loose blouds haue often bred  
a Faction.

Fish butter'd to the Platters brim,  
And Parsnips did in Butter swim,  
Strew'd o're with Pepper, neat and trim  
Salt Sammon:

*Smelts* cride, Come eate me, doe not stay,  
*Fresh Cod*, and *Maids* full neerely lay,  
And next to these a lusty *Ba-*  
con Gammon,

Struck thicke with Cloues vpon the backe,  
Well stuft with Sage, and for the smack,  
Daintily strewd with Pepper blacke,  
*Souj'd Gurnet.*

*Pickrell*, *Sturgeon*, *Tench* and *Trout*,  
Meat far too good for such a rout,  
To tumble, tosse, and throw about  
and spurne it.

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

The next, a *Neats-tongue* neatly dri'd,  
*Mustard* and *Sugar* by his side,  
*Rochets* butter'd, *Flounders* fri'd,  
hot *Custard*,

*Eeles* boil'd, & broyl'd: and next they bring  
*Herring*, that is the *Fishes* King,  
And then a Courtly Ioll of *Lyng*,  
and *Mustard*.

But stay, I had almost forgot  
The flesh, which still stands piping hot,  
Some from the Spit, some from the Pot  
new taken.

A *Shoulder*, and a legge of *Mutton*,  
As good as euer knife was put on,  
Which neuer were by a true Glutton  
forsaken.

A Loyne of *Veale*, that would haue dar'd  
One of the hungriest of the *Guard*:  
And they sometimes will feed full hard,  
like tall men,

And



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

And such as loue the *Lusty Chine*:  
But when that I shall sup or dine,  
God grant they be no *Ghests* of mine,  
of all men.

Thus the descriptions are compleat,  
Which I haue made of men and meat.  
*Mars* aide me now, while I repeat  
the battle,

Where Pots and Stooles were vs'd as Gins,  
To breake each others Heads, and Shins,  
Where blows did make bones in their skins  
to rattle.

Where men in madnesse neuer ceast,  
Till each one (furious, as a Beast)  
Had spoil'd the fashion of a Feast,  
full dainty.

Whereon, had they not been accurst,  
They might haue fed, till bellies burst:  
But *Ellis* shew'd him selfe the worst  
of twenty.

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

For he began this monstrous brall,  
Which afterward incens'd them all,  
To throw the meat about the Hall,  
that euen

And now giue care vnto the iarre,  
That fell betweene these men of Warre,  
Wherein so many a harmelesse skarre  
was giuen.

The boord thus furnisht, each man fate,  
Some fell to feeding, some to prate,  
Mongst whom a iarring question straight  
was risen.

For they grew hotly in dispute,  
What Calling was of most repute:  
Twas well their wits were so acute,  
in Prison.

*The Parson.* While they discours'd, the *Parson* blythe  
Fed, as he meant to haue the Tythe  
Of euery Dish, (being sharpe (as Sithe)  
in feeding.

But



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

But haste had almost made him choke,  
Or else, no doubt, he would haue spoke,  
(His coat being pawn'd) to praise his cloake  
and breeding.

But after a deliberate pause,  
The *Lawyer* spoke, as he had cause,  
In commendation of the *Laws*

*The Lawyer.*

profession.

The Law, quoth he, by a iust doome,  
Doth censure all that to it come,  
And still defends the innocent from  
oppression.

It fauours Truth ; it curbs the hope  
Of Vice ; it giues Allegiance scope ;  
Prouides a Gallowes and a Rope  
for treason.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it,  
Which makes vs here in Prison sit,  
Which grounded is on holy Writ  
and reason.

To

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

To which all men must subiect be,  
As we by dayly prooffe doe see,  
From highest to the low'st degree;  
the Scholler,

Noble, and Rich: It doth subdue  
The Souldier, and his swaggering crue.  
But at that word the Captaine grew  
in choller.

*The Souldier* He lookt full grim, and at first word,  
Rapt out an Oath, that shooke the boord,  
And stricke his fist, that the sound roar'd,  
like Thunder.

It made all skip, that stood him neere,  
The frighted *Custard* quak'd for feare,  
And those that heard it, stricken were  
with wonder.

Nought did he now but frowne, and puffe,  
And hauing star'd, and swore enough,  
Thus he began in language rough:  
Thou cogging,  
Base,



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

Base foysting *Lawyer*, that dost set  
Thy minde on nothing, but to get  
Thy liuing by thy damned pet-  
tifogging:

A Slaue, that shall for halfe a crowne,  
With Buckram bagge, and dagged downe,  
Wait like my Dogge about the Towne,  
and follow

A businesse, or the Diuels part,  
For Fees, though nor with Law nor Art:  
Out, auoid, Codshead, and a hart  
as hollow.

You stay at home, and pocket Fees,  
While we abroad our blouds doe leese,  
And then, with such base termes as these,  
you wrong vs.

But *Lawyer*, it is safer farre  
For thee to prattle at a Barre,  
Then once to shew thy face i'th Warre  
among vs.

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

Where to defend such thankelesse Hinds,  
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,  
But is expos'd to stormy windes  
and weathers,

And oft in bloud he wades full deepe,  
Your throats from forraine swords to keep,  
And wakes, when you securely sleepe  
in feathers.

What could your *Laws* or *Statutes* doe  
Against inuasions of the *Foe*,  
Did not the valiant *Souldier* goe  
to quell 'em?

And to preuent your further harmes,  
With Ensigne, Fife, and lowd Alarms  
Of warlike Drum, by force of Armes  
repell 'em.

Your *Trespasse* action will not stand,  
For setting foot vpon your Land,  
When they in scorne of your *Command*  
come hither.

No



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

No remedy in *Courts* of *Pauls*,  
In *Common Place*, or i' the *Rowles*,  
For iolling of your *Iobbernols*

together.

Wert not for vs, thou *Swad*, quoth he,  
Where would'st thou fog to get a Fee?  
But to defend such things as thee,

'Tis pitie.

For such as thou, esteeme vs least,  
Who euer haue been ready prest,  
To guard you and your *Cuckomes* nest,

your *Citie*.

That very word made *Ellis* start,  
And all his bloud ranne to his heart,  
He shooke, and quak'd in euery part

with anger.

*Citizen.*

He lookt, as if nought might asswage  
The heat of his inflamed rage,  
His very countenance did presage

some danger.

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

A *Cuckowes* nest? quoth he: and so  
He humm'd and held his head full low,  
As if distracted thoughts did o-  
uerpresse him.

*Ellis a Bri-  
stow man.*

At length, quoth he, my Mother sed,  
At *Bristow* she was brought abed,  
And there was *Ellis* borne and bred,  
God bleffe him.

Of *London* Citie I am free,  
And there I first my Wife did see,  
And for that very cause, quoth he,  
I loue it.

And he that cals it *Cuckowes* nest,  
Except he sayes he speakes in iest,  
He is a Villaine, and a Beast,  
Ile proue it.

This Ile maintaine, nor doe I care,  
Though *Captaine Potgun* stampe and stare,  
And swagger, sweare, and teare his haire  
in fury.

And



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

And with the hazzard of my bloud,  
Ile fight vp to the knees in mud,  
But I will make my quarrell good,  
affure yee.

For though I am a man of Trade,  
And free of London Citie made,  
Yet can I vse Gun, Bill, and Blade,  
in battle.

And Citizens, if neede require,  
Themselues can force the foe retire,  
What euer this *Low-Country* Squire  
doe prattle.

For we haue Souldiers of our owne,  
Able enough to guard the Towne,  
And Captaines of most faire renowne,  
about it.

If any foe should fight amaine,  
And set on vs with all his traine,  
Wee'le make him to retire againe,  
ne're doubt it.

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

We haue fought well in dangers past,  
And will doe while our liues doe last,  
Without the help of any cast  
Commanders,

That hither come, compeld by want,  
With rusty Swords, and Suits Prouant,  
From *Vtricht*, *Numigen*, or *Gant*,  
in *Flanders*.

The *Captaine* could no longer hold,  
But looking fiercely, plainly told  
The Citizen, he was too bold,  
and call'd him

Proud Boy, and for his sawcy speech,  
Did shortly vow to whip his breech,  
Then *Ellis* snatcht the Pot, with which  
he mal'd him.

*The Scuffle.* He threw the Iugg, and therewithall,  
He gaue the *Captaine* such a mall,  
As made him thumpe against the wall,  
his Crupper.

With



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

With that, the *Captaine* tooke a Dish,  
That stood brim full of butter'd Fish,  
As good as any heart could wish  
to Supper.

And as he threw, his foote did slide,  
Which turn'd his arme and dish aside,  
And all be-butter-fishifi'd

*Nic Ballat.*

And he (good man) did none disease,  
But sitting quiet, and at ease,  
With butter'd *Rochets* sought to please  
his Pallat.

But when he felt the wrong he had,  
He rag'd, and swore, and grew starke mad,  
Some in the roome bin better had  
without him.

For hee tooke hold of any thing,  
And first he caught the Ioll of *Lyng*,  
Which he outragiously did fling  
about him.

Out,

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

Out of his hand it flew apace,  
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,  
Who at the boord in highest place  
was seated,

And as the *Lawyer* thought to rise,  
The Salt was throwne into his eyes,  
Which him of sight in wofull wise  
defeated.

All things neere hand, *Nic Ballat* threw:  
At length his butter'd *Rochets* flew,  
And hit by chance, among the crew,  
the Parson.

The Sawce his coat did all be-wet,  
The *Priest* began to fume and fret,  
The seat was butter'd which he set  
his — on.

He knew not what to doe, or say,  
It was in vaine to preach, or pray,  
Or cry, You are all gone astray,  
good people.

Hc



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

He might aswell goe striue to teach,  
Diuinity beyond his reach;  
Or, when the Bels ring out, goe preach  
i<sup>th</sup> Steeple.

At this mischance, the silly man,  
Out of the roome would faine haue ran,  
And very angerly began  
to mutter.

Ill lucke had he, for after that,  
One threw the *Parsneps* full of fat,  
Which stuck like Brooches in his Hat,  
with Butter.

Out of the place, he soone repaires,  
And ran halfe headlong down the Stayres,  
And made complaint to Mr *Ayers*,  
with crying.

Vp ranne he to know the matter,  
And found how they the things did scatter,  
How heere a Trencher, there a Platter,  
were lying.

D

I dare

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

I dare not say, he stunke for woe,  
Nor will, vnlesse I did it know,  
But some there be that dare say so,  
that smelt him.

Nor could ye blame him, if hee did,  
For they threw Dishes at his head,  
And did with Egges, and Loaves of bread,  
bepelt him.

He thrust himselfe into the throng,  
And vs'd the vertue of his tongue:  
But what could one mans word among  
so many?

The *Candles* all were scuffled out,  
The victuals flew afresh about:  
Was neuer such a combate fought  
by any.

Now in the darke was all the coyle,  
Some were bloody in the broyle,  
And some lay steapt in *Sallet Oyle*,  
and *Mustard*.

The



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

The fight would make a man afear'd :  
Another had a butter'd Beard,  
Anothers face was all belmear'd  
with Custard.

Others were dawb'd vp to the knee,  
With butter'd *Fish* and *Furmitie*,  
And some the men could scarcely see  
that beat'em.

Vnder the boord *Lluellen* lay,  
Being fore frightened with the fray,  
And as the weapons flew that way,  
he eat'em. Will. Lluellen a Prisoner there, sometime the Keeper.

The bread stucke in the windowes all,  
Like bullets in a *Castle* wall,  
Which furious foes doe seeke to scale  
in battle.

Shoulders of *Mutton*, Loynes of *Veale*,  
Appointed for to serue the meale,  
About their eares full many a peale  
did rattle.

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

*One of the  
under-Keepers.*

The which, when Owen Blany spide,  
Oh, take away their Armes, he cride,  
Lest some great hurt doe them betide,  
preuent it.

And then the Knaue away did steale,  
Of foode that fell, no little deale,  
And in his house at many a meale,  
he spent it.

The *Captaine* ranne the rest among,  
As eager to reuenge the wrong,  
Done by the *Pot* which *Ellis* flung  
so stoutly.

And angry *Ellis* fought about,  
To finde the furious *Captaine* out,  
t length they met, and then they fought  
deuoutly.

Now being met, they neuer lin,  
Till with their lowd robustious din,  
The roome, and all that was therein,  
did rumble.

In



### *The Counter-scuffle.*

In stead of weapons made of Steele,  
The *Captaine* tooke a salted *Eele*,  
And at each blow, made *Ellis* reele,  
and tumble.

*Ellis* a Pippin-Pye had got,  
A forer weapon then the Pot:  
For loe, the Apples being hot,  
did scald him.

The *Captaine* laid about him still,  
As if he would poore *Ellis* kill,  
And with his *Eele* with a good will,  
hee ma'd him.

At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art,  
A fellow of couragious heart,  
Yceld now, and I will take thy part  
hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, Much, I scorne to heare  
Thy words or threats, being free frō feare,  
With which he hardly could forbear  
from lafter.

Toge-

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

Together then, afresh they flye,  
The *Eele* against the *Pippin-Pye*:  
But *Blany* stood there purposely,  
to watch 'em,

The weapons wherewithall they fought,  
Were those, for which hee chiefly sought,  
And with an eager stomake thought  
to catch 'em,

But scapt not now so well away,  
As at the *Veale* and *Mutton* fray:  
He thought to haue with such a prey  
his iawes fed,

But all his hope did turne aside,  
He lookt for that which lucke deny'd:  
For *Ellis* all be-Pippin-pyde  
his Calues head.

Woe was the case he now was in,  
The Apples hot, did scald the skin,  
His scull, as it had rotten bin,  
did coddle.

With



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

With that, one foole, among the rout,  
Made out-cry all the house about,  
That *Blany's* braines were beaten out  
his noddle.

Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would see, *A Turn-Key,*  
What all this coyle and stirre might be, *a fat fellow.*  
And vp the Staires, his guts and he  
went waddling.

But when he came the Chamber neere,  
Behinde the doore he stood to heare,  
But in, he durst not goe for feare  
of swaddling.

There stood he in a frightfull case:  
And as by chance he stir'd his face,  
One with a piping-butter'd Plaice,  
did hit him.

Away he sneak't, and with his tongue,  
He lick'd and swallow'd vp the wrong,  
And as he went the roome along,  
be — him.

For

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

For helpe, now doth poore *Lockwood* cry,  
O bring a Surgeon, or I dye,  
My guts out of my belly fly : -  
come quickly.

*Blany* with open mouth likewise,  
For present helpe of Surgeon cryes,  
Pitie a man, quoth he, that lyes  
so sickly.

*Philips*, the skilfull Surgeon then,  
Was cal'd, and cal'd, and cal'd agen,  
If he had skill to cure these men,  
to shew it.

At length he comes, and first he puts  
His hands, to feele for *Lockwoods* guts,  
Which came not forth so sweet as Nuts,  
all know it.

He cryes for water. In the meane  
One calls vp *Madge* the *Kitchen Queane*,  
To take and make the baby cleane  
and clout it.

Fast



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

Fast by the nose she tooke the Squall,  
And led him softly through the Hall,  
Lest the perfume through knees should fall  
about it.

She turn'd his Hose beneath his knee,  
Nor could she chuse but laugh to see  
That yellow, which was wont to be  
a white breech.

She tooke a Dish-clout off the Shelfe,  
And with it wip'd the durry Elfe,  
Which had not wit to helpe it selfe,  
poore ----- breech.

Thus leauing *Lockwood* all be-rai'd  
Vnto they mercy of the Maid,  
Who well deserued to be paid  
for taking

Such homely paines. Now let vs cast  
Our thoughts back on the stir that's past,  
And them whose bones could not in haste  
leaue aking.

E

And

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

And like the Candles, shall my pen  
Shew you these Gallants once agen,  
Which now like *Furies*, not like men,  
appeared.

Fresh lights being brought t'appease the bral,  
Shew twenty mad men in the Hall,  
With Bloud and Sauce their faces all  
besmeared.

Their cloathes rent, and sowf'd in drinke,  
*Oyle, Mustard, Butter*, and the stinke  
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one think  
in sadnes,

That these so monstrous creatures dwell,  
Either in *Bedlam*, or in Hell,  
Or that nor tongue, or pen can tell  
their madnes.

They were indeed dis-figured so,  
Friend knew not friend, nor foe-man foe,  
And each man scarce himselfe did know:  
But after



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

A frantike staring round about,  
They suddenly did quit their doubt,  
And lowdly all at once brake out  
in lafter.

The heat of all is now alaid,  
The Keepers gently doe perfwade,  
And (as before) all friends are made,  
full kindly.

*Ellis* the *Captaine* doth imbrace,  
The *Captaine* doth returne the grace,  
And so doe all men in the place,  
as friendly.

By *Ioue* I loue thee, *Ellis* cry'd,  
The *Captaine* soone, as much reply'd,  
Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd :  
and *Vulcan*

With *Mars* at ods againe shall be,  
E're any iarres 'twixt thee and me :  
And therevpon I drinke to thee  
a full Can.

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

And then he kneel'd vpon the ground:  
Drink't off ( quoth *Ellis* ) for this round  
For euer shall be held renown'd :

And neuer

May any quarrell 'twixt vs twaine  
Arise ; or this renew againe :  
But may we louing friends remaine  
for euer.

Amen, cride *Captaine*, so did all,  
And so the Health went through the Hall,  
And thus this Noble *Counter-brall*  
was ended.

But hunger now did vex 'em more,  
Then all their anger did before:  
They searcht i'th roome how far their store  
extended.

They want the meat which *Blany* stole:  
One findes a *Herring* in a hole,  
With durt and dust blacke as a coale,  
and troden

All



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

All vnder feet; The next in post  
Snaps vp, and feedes on what was lost,  
And lookes not whether it be rost  
or foddren.

A third finds in another place  
A piece of *Lyng* in durty case,  
And *Mustard* in his fellowes face:  
another

Espies, that finds a Loafe of bread :  
A dish of Butter all bespread,  
And stucke vpon anothers head  
i'th pother.

Thus what they found, contented some.  
At length the Keeper brings a Broome,  
Meaning therewith to clense the roome,  
with sweeping.

But vnder Table, on the ground  
Looking to sweepe, by chance he found  
*Lluellen*, faining to be found-  
ly sleeping.

## *The Counter-scuffle.*

He pull'd him out so swift by the heeles,  
As if his arse had ran on wheeles,  
And found his pocket stuf with *Eeles* :  
His Codpiece

Did plenty of prouision bring,  
Somewhat it held of euery thing,  
*Smelts, Flounders, Rochets,* and of *Lyng*  
a broad piece.

At this discouerie, each man round  
Tooke equall share of vvhat was found,  
Which afterwards they freely drown'd  
in good drinke.

For of good Beere there was good store,  
Till all were glad to giue it o're,  
*for* ~~Store~~ each man had, inough and more  
that wou'd drinke.

And when they thus had drunke, and fed,  
( As if no quarrell had been bred )  
They all shooke hands, and all to bed  
did shuffle.

*Ellis*



## *The Counter-scuffle.*

*Ellis* the glory of this Towne,  
With that braue *Captaine* of renowne;  
And thus I end this famous Coun-  
ter-scuffle.

FINIS.

